

A Trimmer's Confession of Faith :

Or, The True Principles of

A Jack of Both-Sides.

Tune of, *Which no Body can deny.*

Licensed according to Order.

I.

PRay lend me your Ears, if you've any to spare,
You that love Common-wealth, as you hate Com-
mon-Pray'r,
Who can in a Breath Pray, Dissemble and Swear;
Which no Body can deny.

II.

I'm sometimes o'th' wrong side, and sometimes the right;
To day I'm a *Jack*, and to-morrow a *Whig*;
For either King *pray*, but for neither dare *fight*;
Which no Body can deny.

III.

I'm sometimes a Rebel, and sometimes a Saint,
I sometimes can Swear, and at other times Cant;
There's nothing but Grace (I thank God) that I want;
Which no Body can deny.

IV.

Old *Babyl*'s Whore I cannot endure her;
I'm a Sanctify'd Zealot, there's none can be purer;
For-Swearing I hate, like any Non-Juror;
Which no Body can deny.

V.

Of gracious King *William* I am a great lover,
Yet I side with a Party that prays for another;
I drink the King's Health, take it one way or t'other;
Which no Body can deny.

VI.

Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting;
Where Sighing I meet with such sorrowful Greeting,
Makes me hate a long Pray'r, and five hours Prating;
Which no Body can deny.

VII.

And there I sing Psalms, as if never weary;
Yet I must confess, when I'm frolick and merry,
More Musick I find in a Boat to the Ferry;
Which no Body can deny.

VIII.

I pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round;
I can say Heavens bless, or the Devil confound;
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound;
Which no Body can deny.

IX.

I can pray for a Bishop, and curse an Arch-Deacon;
I can seem very sorry that *Charlrey*'s taken;
I can any thing say, to save my own Bacon;
Which no Body can deny.

X.

Sometimes for a good Common-wealth I am wishing;
O *Oliver*! *Oliver*! give us thy Blessing;
For in troubled Waters I vow I love fishing;
Which no Body can deny.

XI.

The Times are so ticklish, I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll be sure to side with those that are least in distress;
Which no Body can deny.

XII.

With the *Jacks* I rejoyce that *Saunders*'s defeated;
With the *Whigs* I seem pleased he's so bravely retreated;
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated,
Which no Body can deny.

XIII.

Each Party, we see, now are full of great hope,
There's some for the *Droil*, and some for the *Pope*;
And I am for any thing, but for a *Rope*;
Which no Body can deny.

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